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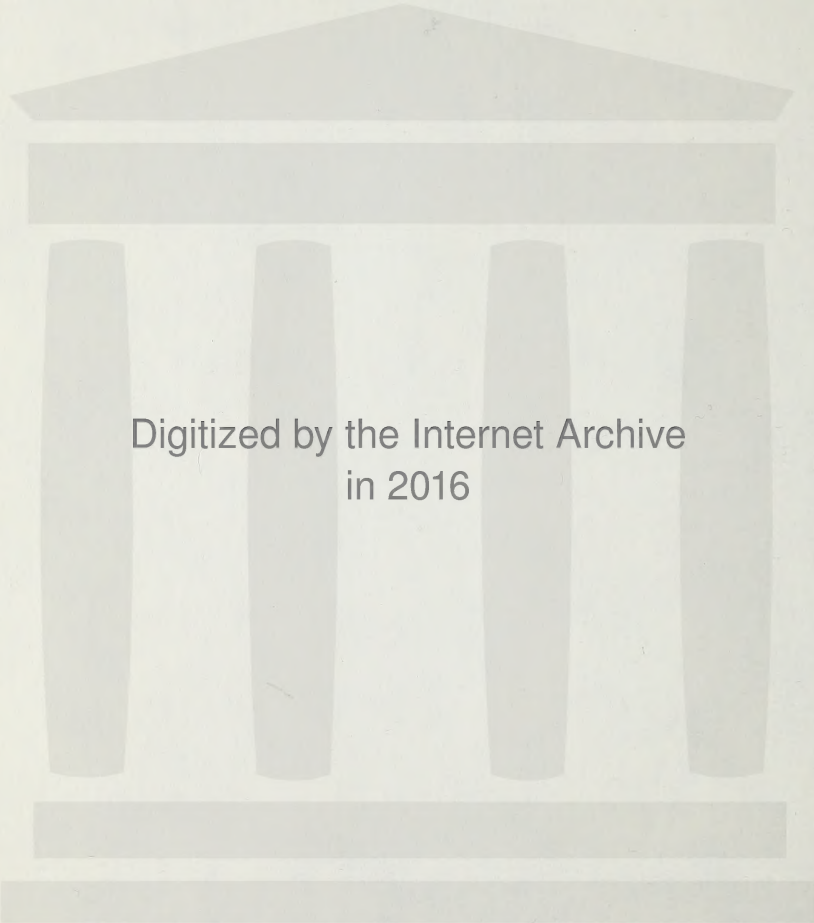
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AN

# ORATION

DELIVERED

AT THE SECOND COMMEMORATION

OF THE

## PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND,

AT

Philadelphia, May 10th, 1843.

BY

WM. GEO. READ, L.L.D.  
OF BALTIMORE.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1843.

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PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1843.

DEAR SIR,

We have the honor to enclose an attested copy of the proceedings of a meeting, held at the Chinese Museum, last evening.

Permit us to add our individual request, that you will comply with the solicitations of the large and respectable assemblage whom you gratified by your learned and eloquent discourse.

Very Respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

ARCH'D. RANDALL, }  
JAMES CAMPBELL, } Committee.  
JOS. R. CHANDLER, }

To WM. GEO. READ, Esq., L. L. D., }  
Baltimore. }

Hall of the Chinese Museum, }  
Cel. Lan. Pil. Md. }

After the Oration delivered by WM. GEO. READ, L.L.D., at the Chinese Hall, on Wednesday, May 10, 1843, the immense meeting was called to order by Dr. J. G. Nancrede—the Honorable Archibald Randall was called to the Chair, and Joseph R. Chandler appointed Secretary.

The meeting was then addressed with much eloquence by William A. Stokes, Esq., as an introduction to the following Resolutions.

*Resolved*, That the warm and hearty thanks of this meeting are justly due, and are hereby tendered to Wm. Geo. Read, Esq., for the eloquent and learned Oration which he has just pronounced.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to communicate these Resolutions to Mr. Read, and to request a copy of his Oration for publication.

*Resolved*, That the Chairman be added to the Committee.

The Resolutions were adopted by acclamation, and the following gentlemen appointed on the Committee, viz. Wm. A. Stokes, Esq., Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., Hon. James Campbell.

ARCHIBALD RANDALL, Chairman.

JOS. R. CHANDLER, Secretary.





BALTIMORE, May 14th, 1843.

GENTLEMEN,

Your kind letter, enclosing a copy of the two very flattering Resolutions, adopted at the Chinese Hall, on the 10th inst., has just been received.

I hasten to place my manuscript at your disposal, fearing only lest the enthusiasm which prompted your generous celebration, may have invested my remarks with an evanescent interest, which will be sought in vain on a cooler perusal.

Permit me, to my acknowledgments of the graceful courtesies with which you have discharged your commission, to add a faint expression of my gratitude, for the abounding and elegant hospitality which honored my recent visit to your noble city, and has forever domesticated my heart in Philadelphia.

I am with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

WILL. GEO. READ.

Hon. ARCH'D. RANDALL,	} Committee.
Hon. JAMES CAMPBELL,	
JOS. R. CHANDLER, Esq.	

#### ERRATA.

- Page 6—8th line from bottom read "odour."  
" 7—4th line from bottom read "sun,"—last line for "national" read "maternal."  
" 8—in note, read "Potowomeke."  
" 11—2d line, for "this" read "their," 6th line read "honor."  
" 12—3d line read "Noe" (the Catholic orthography).  
" 13—1st line read "bosom."  
" 14—4th line from bottom insert "this" before "prerogative."  
" 15—11th line from top "Potowomeke."  
" 22—last line for "Vitus" read "White."  
" 24—17th line for "hoped" read "hope."  
" 27—7th line read "hangs."  
" 29—13th line for "confined" read "confirmed."





## ORATION.

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HAVE you ever, my respected friends, approached some glorious instrument of melody—some “solemn harp” or witching lyre—and laid a hesitating hand upon the strings—half afraid, lest your unskilled touch might mar their concord—half ashamed, lest the rude notes you wakened might jar upon some fine tuned ear?

Such were the feelings, with which I ventured to accept the flattering invitation, which has placed me before you. For I knew that, in attempting to give voice, in Philadelphia, to the sentiments appropriate to this solemnity, I must address myself to minds and hearts accustomed to the master touches of art and genius, and I trembled, lest what I might intend for harmony would sound as discord to you. And though, perhaps, I had a right to hope to excite some interest by my theme, how could I forget, that the gifted spirit, who first effectually roused old Maryland herself to a just appreciation of her ancient renown, had made her honored story “like household words” in his own proud city,\* and that nothing remains for others, but to follow him, with steps unequal, through the tangled path of antiquarian research, over which he has scattered, with liberal hand, his “fairy favors”—heaping the lap of Wisdom, with the “apples of gold in net-work of silver,” and hanging the richest pearls of eloquence in Beauty’s ear?

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\* The allusion is to the interest excited by the admirable lecture of WM. A. STOKES, Esq., on “the Pilgrims of Maryland.”





Still I have ventured to come ; for, adverting to the sacred purpose to which the avails of this celebration are devoted, I thought that the curiosity, which sometimes attaches to an undeserving stranger, might possibly gather a more abundant offering, than the familiar attractions of domestic merit ; and I have come the more confidently, believing, that, much as I ought to dread, from the critical taste of this enlightened and polished community, I had more to hope, from its proverbial hospitality.

We celebrate, indeed, the very festival of hospitality ; for we are convened in commemoration of the origin of a State, whose founders, received themselves as brothers by the kindly savage, threw open their doors in turn to the friendless wanderer ; asking no title to their offices of love, but the common fraternity of sorrow.

Our anniversary, it is true, is of arbitrary adoption, originally selected for the convenience of a pilgrimage to the long deserted site of the first settlement of Maryland. But it seems to have been chosen well ; at a season when the rigors and desolation of winter are forgotten in the vernal burst of universal joy ; when the sunny air is vocal with music ; when animal and vegetable life teem with renovated energies ; and the voice of a God of love, whispering in

“ the sweet South,  
That breathes upon the banks of violets,  
Stealing and giving odors,”

diffuses fresh hopes throughout creation. And was not this a proper season, to celebrate that glorious Spring-time in the human heart, whose beauties, first bursting into being on the sacred soil of old St. Mary's, gave promise that the blighting blast of religious intolerance, that so long had “frozen” up “the genial currents of the soul,” had sunk with flagging wing to his boreal caves for-



ever? It was chosen well! in this blessed "month of Mary," which the tasteful genius of Christianity, arranging the circling year into one graceful and majestic drama of the everlasting scheme of salvation, has consecrated to especial meditation on the gentle virtues of Her, in whose bosom, and upon whose bosom "the begotten from all eternity" first felt the tender throb of earthly affection! and such was a proper season, to commemorate the unexampled decree by temporal power, that man should no longer measure his love to God, by the intensity of hatred for his brother!

But whatever fanciful circumstances we may cast around their memory, the incidents of Maryland's first existence derive no lustre from them. Radiant with their own light, too clear and bright for the illusions or decorations of fiction, there they shine forever, through the dark history of human perversity—like the fixed stars unchanging from season to season—sparks of the divinity that illumines and warms the universe!

Is this the language of exaggeration? Unroll your maps, and detail to me the origin of the various communities that have occupied our globe. How many can you show me whose beginning was not stained by violence or fraud? I speak not of those oriental despotisms, whose only authentic history is written in the desolation left by their marching millions, or on those stupendous monuments of pride, that only tyranny could plan, or slavery's overstrained sinews execute.—But can you find one among the pirates and robbers of early Greece, whose dazzling genius blinds us to their faults, as to spots upon the sun? Can you find one among the Eastern or Northern barbarians, who came down on the Everlasting City as "the scourge of God," or the ruthless conquerors who ravaged in succession our national





isles ! Alas ! "the trail of the serpent is over," the fairest earthly scenes, and would you behold a nation founded on faith, and hope, and charity, you must seek it among the planters of Maryland, and the few that have been directed by their principles, or have followed their example.

It was early in March 1634, when two vessels entered the majestic "river of the Swans."\* Above them waved the red cross flag, that "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the storm." They bore a band of exiles, who had left their native shores in search of unmolested altars beneath our western trees. Groaning under a worse than Egyptian bondage, they had sought, like the children of Israel, to go into the wilderness to sacrifice to the God of their fathers. And they had obtained permission; for "the Lord had seen the affliction of his people and had heard their cry: and knowing their sorrow, had come down to deliver them out of the hands of their oppressors; and to bring them out of that land into a good and spacious land, a land flowing with milk and honey."†

So, too, their deliverance came through one who had been familiar in the halls of the king. George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, on whose "considerate brows" the statesman's oak, and warrior's laurel, wreath in graceful harmony with the bays and the passion flower — "a man

"In a dark age against example good,  
Against allurements, custom and a world  
Offended, fearless of reproach or scorn  
Or violence"—————

—had stopped short, in a political career of transcen-

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\* The meaning of the Indian name Patowomoc. See the "Maid of the Doe," Canto iv. § 22.

† Exodus iii. v. 7, 8.





dent brilliancy, to meditate on the awful concerns of futurity, and renounced, at the hazard of every earthly interest, the dominant creed in which he had been educated, for the proscribed communion of the ancient Church. But so little of the zealot was blended with his deliberate action, and such sweet consideration for the supposed errors or weakness of others tempered his uncompromising conscientiousness, that he enjoyed the rare felicity of retaining the regard of his separated brethren, and their testimony to the sincerity of a course which might have seemed to cast censure on their own.

Yet intimately versed, as he was, in the settled policy of the government, and aware of the terrible interests that then warred, and have warred for ages, against liberty of conscience in Great Britain, and admonished by the strong good sense that eminently regulated his varied gifts, not to rely on a merely personal exemption from their affliction, with whom he had cast in his lot for time and eternity, he resolved to improve his present tranquillity, by providing an asylum in the new world, for himself and his brethren of the persecution.

While, therefore, he yet retained the capricious favor of his sovereign, he obtained, in guerdon of his long and faithful services, a grant of the ample and favored region, which, pursuing the direction of the Potomac, from its remotest source to the bay of Delaware, included within its northern limit the beautiful site of your own magnificent city—a country of which we may gratefully affirm, in the glowing language of Smith, who first explored it, “heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man’s habitation; where are mountaines, hils, plaines, valleyes, rivers and brookes all running most pleasantly into a faire bay, compassed with fruitful and delightsome land.”



But he lived only to delineate, on the charter of his intended colony, the traits of his far-seeing mind and generous heart ; and was taken up, we may trust, to their blessed company "of whom the world was not worthy."

Yet his mantle fell on a deserving wearer ; and his son Cecelius, with the calm steadiness of his father's energetic benevolence, though less of his personal activity, proceeded to execute the project the latter had only designed. At immense expense, out of his still uninvaded private fortune, he collected a company of about two hundred emigrants from England and Ireland—principally persons of former consideration, but reduced, by the penal laws against Catholics, to comparative destitution.

They were provided with the means of subsistence and defence, and what might be useful in the settlement of their colony, and the civilization of the Indians. But the paternal care of the Proprietary reached beyond their temporal wants, and those of the untutored children of nature who possessed his titular domain. Four persons were induced to attend the expedition, whose names would be synonymous, to many who know them not, with all of evil that malevolence can feign, or ignorant credulity believe ; but to such as delight in realities and not in fables, expressive of the devoted charity, the unwearied patience, the graceful courtesy, the ripe erudition, the enlightened faith and fervent piety, the heroic, daring and indefatigable perseverance, that are bound up in the hearts of the Jesuit Fathers—men who have already executed—while others are consulting how to begin ; who thrust in the sickle—while others are deliberating where to plant ; and who, regardless of every thing but the great end to which they have devoted their existence, are as ready to water with their blood the precious seeds of Religion and Virtue, as to preside over the rejoicings of the harvest-home.





There was joy and sadness in the "rich conceit" that named this little squadron the Ark and the Dove! It told of their escape from the wreck of a glorious world, wasted by a moral deluge, that had swept away life and fortune, and the jewelled ties of kindred, and the escutcheons of ancient honors, and the boundless accumulations of by-gone charity, and the beautiful creations of inimitable art, and the land-marks of old opinion and prescriptive right. But it told, too, of a new country, beyond the waves, still fresh and green from the great primæval inundation, where they should "increase and multiply and fill the earth," transmitting the traditions of the olden time to the countless generations that should swarm on the prolific bosom of that renovated world! and it spoke of peace to the simple savage, who as yet had only learned to dread and detest the white man, and was to be reclaimed and christianized by examples of justice, of self-denial, and of love.

The first trials of their pilgrimage were over. They had escaped the "perils from robbers, the perils from their own countrymen, the perils in the sea," and their new home swelled up before their longing eyes, in its illimitable extent and alluring verdure! How did they take possession? Were they "mad for land?" As the half-clad natives clustered on every jutting point and "coigne of vantage," to gaze alarmed and wondering at the portentous spectacle, did our exiles rush on them with the murderous enginery of European war? Did they butcher their braves, insult their women, burn their wigwams, and seize or spoil their corn? Such was the greeting for which previous experience had prepared these hapless children of the wild! And, therefore, did they light in haste their beacon fires, and hurry to the shore with their weak artillery, if possibly the courage





of despair might yet avail against the terrible warriors of the winged canoes from the sea !

But different scenes awaited them. For, as Noah, descending with his family from the ark, "built an altar unto the Lord, and taking of all cattle and fowls that were clean, offered holocausts upon the altar," so these wanderers for Christ sanctified their landing with that "unbloody sacrifice" prefigured by Melchisedech, foretold by Malachias, and by which the Saviour of the world had commanded his Apostles to "shew forth" the tremendous expiation on Calvary, till his second coming ! Great indeed must have been their "awful joy !" What though England's plundered and mutilated temples no longer threw their sculptured glories around them, nor ranged choirs responsive to pealing organ intoned the sacred songs ? What though their knees were on the sod, and their foreheads bared to the blast ? They felt that they were free ! free as the wind that waved the lights upon their rustic altar, and swept away the clouding of their incense ! No human law proclaimed it treason, here, to obey what they believed the behests of an Eternal king ! Here they might approach that "living bread," which "he that eateth shall live forever," nor shrink, with nature's instinctive shudder, lest some Judas might be kneeling beside them, who had bargained for their blood with the torturer. Toil and privation were before them, but sweetened by the certainty that their fruit should not be snatched away, for the support of a worship they disapproved, or to punish their conscientious recusancy. Rude was the shelter where high-born loveliness and delicacy must now repose ! but her dove-like slumbers should no more be startled from their balmy nest, by the midnight intrusion of official insolence, and vulgar bigotry, that, in the name of Jesus, would tear



from her bosom the memorial of his dying love! Yes, they were free! free as the joyful glances they threw to the blue arch above them, and as they bowed down before the "clean oblation," that shall be offered "from the rising to the going down of the sun," their grateful prayers ascended, like the "sweet savour" of the patriarchal victims, and "the lifting up of their hands," was "as the evening sacrifice."

But was there no homage to the spirit of the world? No becoming burst of national pride? No salutary manifestation of superior power? No planting of England's haughty banner, amid the "*salvo shots*" of her cannon, and the shouts of her hardy tars? Alas for men, to whose simplicity the "vain pomp and glory" of this transitory state were not all in all! It was the anniversary of that happy day, when Gabriel announced to the loveliest and lowliest of the daughters of Eve, that she was "blessed among women;" for that

The holy "Spirit that doth prefer  
 "Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 "————— who from the first  
 "Was present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
 "Dove-like, sat brooding on the vast abyss,  
 "And made it pregnant,"—

should overshadow her! and, from her virgin flesh, "the Son of the Most High" "put on his" earthly "beauty." And in the true spirit of the festival, these messengers of salvation to a benighted land, instead of the ensigns of temporal dominion, set up "the sign of the Son of man," and reverently kneeling recited "the litanies of the Holy Cross!"

Behold! the royal standards fly,  
 The Cross illumines our brightening sky!  
 That Cross where life did death endure,  
 And by that death did life procure.





Fulfilled are now the mystic words,  
Which David's faithful song records :  
Proclaiming, all the earth should see  
God ruling nations from the tree.

Oh glorious tree ! whose branches wore  
The royal purple of his gore !  
No other stem of worth like thine,  
To touch those mangled limbs divine !

Can you wonder at the sequel ? Can you wonder that He who had bid an Emperor "conquer in that" sacred "sign," should subdue the red-man's heart before it ? For the planters of Maryland did not open the chronicles of the chosen seed, to read there a fancied commission to themselves, to "cast out the heathen." They resorted to no speculations on the natural right of man to parcenery of the globe, and their own consequent title to a corner of the Indian's hunting grounds. They were taught by men commissioned to "teach all nations," and who remembered their master's precept, "as you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them in like manner." It is true that, as the sovereign Pontiffs, while kings admitted their paternal mediation in temporal affairs, were fain to award their rights of conquest, according to their respective claims by discovery to prevent those sanguinary controversies between Christians which grow out of conflicting boundaries, the king of England had granted to the Calverts the exclusive privilege of colonizing Maryland ; but they knew that this could rightfully confer no more than rights of pre-emption, as against other Englishmen, and foreigners, who were bound, by the modern international system, to respect prerogative of the British crown ; and they knew that justice and moderation would, at once, make such rights available to all the wants of Europe, and a source of inestimable blessings to the Aborigines.





Bold in honesty and benevolence, Governor Calvert, accordingly, left his wooden walls; and in two boats, with a slender retinue, sought an interview with the Chief of Piscattoway, who ruled, with a species of imperial sway, over the surrounding tribes. To the request for permission to settle in his territory, the princely savage is reported to have returned an answer, in the cautious style of the most accomplished diplomacy. But it is certain that there was no deficiency of confidence or courtesy; for, undeterred by the fate of the king of Patowomehe, kidnapped but a few years previous, he entered the boat of the strangers, lent a willing ear to their friendly professions, and dismissed them with assurances of amity.

But while the adventurers were thus, in accordance with the divine monition, "seeking first the kingdom of God and his justice," his providence was preparing for them all those things for which men are usually "solicitous." A pacific tribe, who occupied a sweet sequestered region near the confluence of the Potomac with the bay, had been harassed by the fierce warriors from the Susquehannah, and were on the eve of a removal to a distance from their enemies. Among these Governor Calvert sought a shelter, and with them he contracted for the purchase of their dwellings and their land.

But do not your bosoms sicken at the bare name of a contract with Indians? Does it not recal the long protracted and not yet ended struggle between strong civilized cupidity and savage helplessness? Does it not remind you of the beads, the bells, the knives, the looking glasses, the fire-arms and worse—the liquid fire—which, even before it bought the poor Indian's land, burnt him out from his home, and wrapped his soul in blacker ruin than tracks the flame that sweeps the prairie or blasts the forest?



Perhaps it will not *here* ; for I am speaking to the children of Penn. I tell my seemingly romantic story where the Quaker's drab coat was better armor of proof against the Indian's arrow, than would have been the jointed mail of the age of chivalry! In the intercourse of the Calverts with the red men, was realized the prophetic exclamation of the psalmist, again to be illustrated in after years in Pennsylvania, "Mercy and Truth are met together, Justice and Peace have kissed." Difficult as it might be to adjust with fractional accuracy the terms of an agreement, whereby one party consented to retire a little way into the boundless forest, and the other presented a few surplus products of Europe's industry, still the essential principles of rectitude were inflexibly adhered to. The Indian freely ceded his corn-field, which he could no longer retain ; but the white man supplied him with the implements to clear another ; and, with the axe and hoe, laid the basis of his civilization, and with it of all that renders life a blessing—property and order, and equal laws, and the dear delights of home and social intercourse, to be followed by artificial comforts and letters and refinement. Could the great Father of all look down on a lovelier scene than the fraternal union of his children of either hemisphere, during their joint sojourn in the simple huts of Yaocomico ? Behold the lithe hunters of the west leading forth their European guests to the chase or the fishery, and with good-humored merriment instructing their awkward ignorance in wood-craft—while their "dusky loves" at home are initiated in the mysteries of the needle and loom, or teach the fair daughters of Albion to prepare the maize—that unfailing bread of independence and freedom !

What caused this unprecedented harmony ? Why was not rather our feeble colony cut off by a sudden on-





slaught, as the first settlements of Virginia had been again and again? Why were not the first houses in Maryland built like those monuments of olden manners I have seen in New England—with upper stories projecting for the convenience of firing through the floor, on the savages attempting to break in?

The red men of British America were one and the same people—slightly modified by the circumstances of the different tribes, but probably far less diversified than the nations of Europe. I do not undertake to speak with ethnographical precision, on a point of archæology I have not studied. But common notoriety will sustain my position, that their leading characteristics were the same, from the Pequod to the Catawba. Whatever their habits of peace, their wars were bloody, vindictive and treacherous. Revenge was, with them, not merely an animal instinct, but its gratification the conventional point of honor, no less than with the modern duellist: and they differed, on its consummation, but in this, that the savage displayed his enemy's gory scalp upon his breast—while the civilized murderer hides the ghastly features seared forever on his heart!

Still, man is essentially the same; whether bronzed by a tropical sun, or blanched in the polar wind. "Prick him, and he bleeds! Tickle him, he laughs!" Be true to him, he loves and trusts you! Wrong him, he will revenge if he can! None so fond, so confiding, so enduring, but may be estranged by systematic perversity. No heart so hard, but, at the touch of kindness, will gush forth in tenderness, like the rock in Horeb beneath the prophet's wand; and gloze as pretended moralists or time-serving statesmen may, on the Indian's irrecoverable savageness, too truly might he recount his melancholy tale, to most of us, in the words of Shakespeare's





wild but just conception of the grossest specimen of our fallen nature—

This land is mine! —————

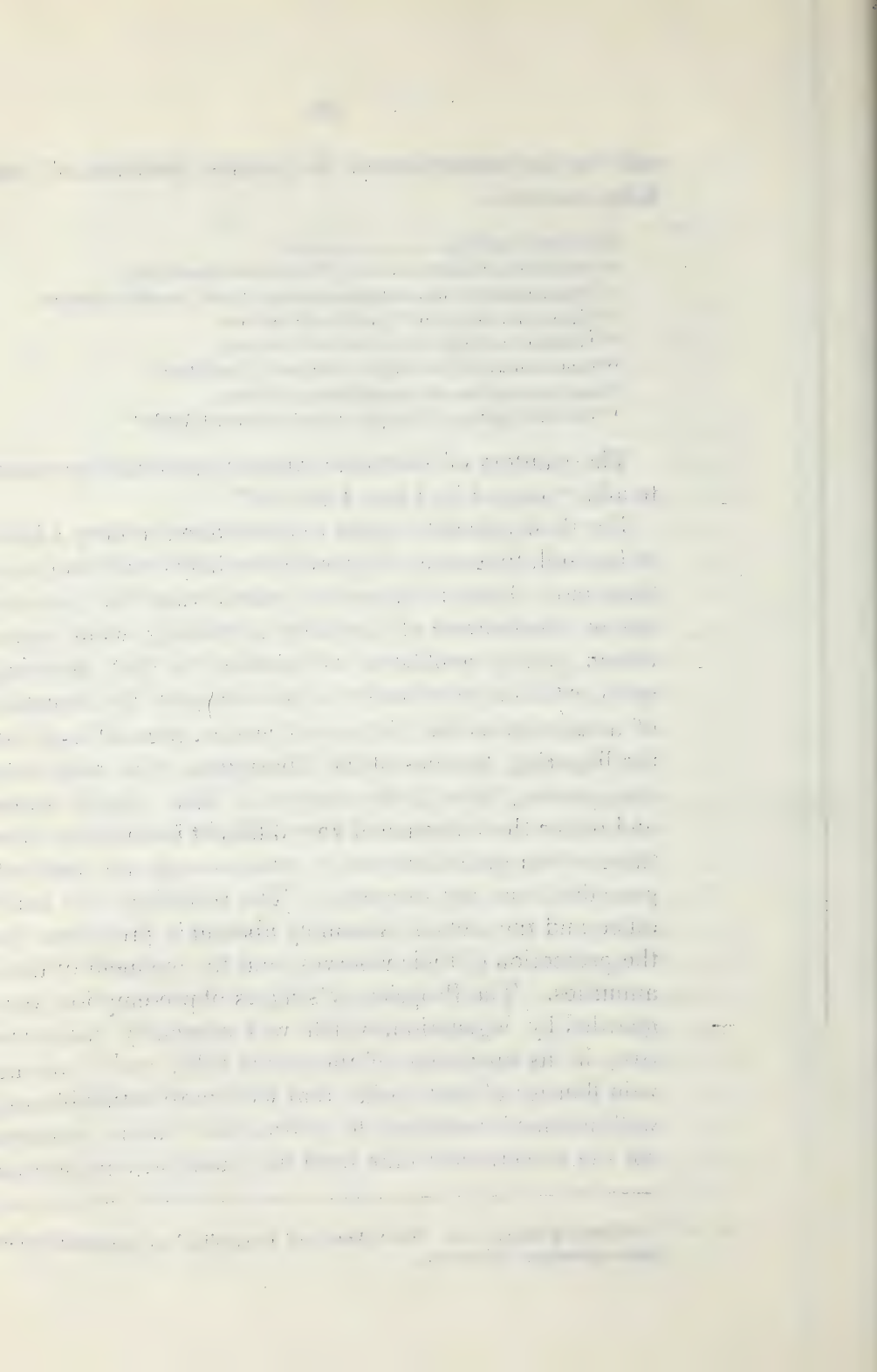
“ Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
 “ Thou stroaked'st me, and madest much of me ; would'st give me  
 “ Water with berries in 't; and teach me how  
 “ To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
 “ That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,  
 “ And shewed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
 “ The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile.”

The planters of Maryland, at least, gave him no cause to add, “ cursed be I that I did so !”

For their principles seem to have taken so deep a hold in her soil, that none of growth less holy could ever root them out. Even in long after years, when the necessities or convenience of a rapidly increasing white population, giving semblance of sanction to that grasping spirit, which is ever ready to mis-interpret the demands of a majority as the dictates of justice, pressed hard on the lingering families of the Aborigines, who were fast disappearing through the ravages of their mutual wars, and under the influence of very different institutions from those which guided the early settlers—still the original precedent was not forgotten. The records of the land-office and the Acts of Assembly abound in provisions for the protection of their reserves, and the payment of their annuities. The Proprietary's rights of pre-emption were guarded by legislation, which was especially conservative, in its operation, of the native title; and it was no vain flourish of State pride, that led a most estimable and well-informed annalist\* to affirm, that “in no instance did the Government take from the Aborigines an acre of

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\* David Ridgely, Esq. See “ Annals of Annapolis,” an unpretending but most interesting little work.



land without a recompense perfectly satisfactory to them."

—But there are duties from a stronger to a weaker race, thus thrown by Providence into juxta-position with it, other than those which regard the mere occupancy of the soil.

There may be a serfage more hideous than unqualified bondage—as appears from the misery which gnaws the Hindoo to-day to sell his child to slavery, that the purchaser may snatch it from the vulture-beak of famine. Sovereigns often sin no less through what they omit than by what they do. And the vote-hunting statesman, who, in the name of public peace and protection, abandons the red man to individual craft or oppression, is as guilty of the ruin that silently, but surely, eats into his vitals, as though he had cut off the race, like the Pequods or the Narragansetts, at a single blow!

I have long been deeply impressed by the political wisdom and sound philanthropy, that inspired the following remarks, which, to give emphasis to their intrinsic authority, I will read to you from the sacred characters, traced, at a very early period in our national history, by the hand of Washington :

"Purchase, if possible, as much land of them, (the Indians) immediately back of us, as would make one or two States, according to the extent Congress design, or would wish to have them of: and which may be fully adequate to all our present purposes. Fix such a price upon the land so purchased as would not be too exorbitant or burdensome for real occupiers, but high enough to discourage monopolizers. Declare all steps heretofore taken to procure lands on the north-west side of the Ohio, contrary to the prohibition of Congress, to be null and void: and that any person thereafter, who shall presume to





mark, survey, or settle lands, beyond the limits of the new States and purchased lands, shall not only be considered as outlaws, but fit subjects for Indian vengeance.”\*

The sentiments of the great and good are the same in every age ; and these wise and generous principles of “the Father of his country,” throbbed high in the bosoms of the founders of Maryland. For although, in their case, the fiend of savage warfare was not yet roused, which, since they passed from earth, has almost incessantly yelled on the van of Anglo-American population, in its westward march, their humane and just legislation supplied the rule and its sanction from within. It not only protected the native possessions, as I have already mentioned, but it restricted trade with the Indians to persons duly licensed ; it prohibited the traffic in that fearful element of mutual destruction, which, invented by the genius of a monk, was concealed from the world by his charity ; and it made the kidnapping of an Indian felony punishable by death.

And even the wars in which themselves, and their successors long subsequently, sometimes became involved with the natives, through the faults of their neighbors, were characterized by the same humanity, which regarded the red man as an erring and neglected brother, entitled to the protection of the laws of God and of nations, not a beast of prey to be exterminated without mercy.

Yes ! they stretched forth a strong hand to their weak brethren of the waste ; but, whether it were to cherish or restrain, it was ever in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. For the spirit of their Exodus did not evaporate with their own arrival at the land of promise. They could truly say, in the inspired language of the Roman poet,—

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\* Unpublished letter from Gen. Washington to the Hon. Jacob Read, 1784.



“we are men! nothing which affects mankind but is our concern.” And no sooner had they acquired religious freedom for themselves, than their zeal overflowed for the salvation of the red man. You may see the early history of New England illustrated, in your children’s school books, by the picture of a soldier standing guard at the door of the meeting house, over the stacked arms of his fellow worshippers within. The annals of Maryland display the warriors of the East and West kneeling in peace together around the glad altars of their common God. There is nothing fuller of exciting interest, to one who loves “the beauty of His House,” than the unaffected details of the first missionaries of Maryland, gathered from the archives of the Society of Jesus at Rome. They breathe the fervor of that eventful day, when the heart-stricken converts of Jerusalem exclaimed “to Peter and the rest,” “what shall we do, men and brethren?” They carry us back to that scarce less interesting era, when Ireland’s great Apostle enlisted, from the fierce warriors of Tara, the first of that glorious army of saints and martyrs, who through ages have triumphed over every hideous device of tyranny exerted for the subversion of their faith, and borne their victorious standard, side by side with England’s blood-stained banner, to every region of the habitable globe, which, like all-conquering pagan Rome, she is but preparing for the eventual dominion of the Cross.

In those artless manuscripts, you may almost hear the murmured complaints of the ardent fathers, to their general, against the timid caution of the rulers of the province, which kept them back from their dangerous labors of love, while the intrigues of Clayborne had excited the natives to momentary jealousy.

You may follow them, at a later period through toil-





some and perilous expeditions, when often, like their Master, they had "not where to lay their head," save beneath the canopy of heaven, and their choicest "meat like his, was to do the will of Him that sent them, that they might perfect his work." They waited not for the march of armies to "make straight the way of the Lord." They loitered not under the shelter of the cannon, till the progress of civilization should prepare the heathen for the secure appeals of the press. Themselves were pioneers of improvement—like the bee that gathers her honeyed harvest of the wilderness, in advance of the white man. They preached the awful mysteries of Calvary with the crucifix. They told the wondrous story of God's dealings with man by sacred pictures. They spoke from heart to heart, the universal dialect of kindly looks and actions. They proved their doctrine by the unanswerable argument of their own disinterestedness and mortification.

Brief alas! was the term of their unrestricted labors; but while it lasted the Land of Mary renewed those blissful scenes which, for eighteen centuries, have everywhere illustrated the fidelity of those whom the Master sends into his vineyard. Fainting with the heats, and often called to weep over some beloved associate, who had sunk under the burthen of the day, they had their consolation when princes and people embraced the Christian name, and attested their spiritual regeneration, by their altered lives. May I detain you, for a moment, with the conversion of Chitomachen, the Tayac or emperor of Piscattoway? Long had the generous barbarian sighed for heavenly truth. Dreams had foreshadowed, to himself and his predecessor, the advent of the heralds of the Cross. He welcomes at last the long looked-for Father Vitus, lends a docile ear to his gentle ad-



monitions, renounces his previous excesses, and contented with a single wife, devotes himself to the science of salvation. It is easy to the willing mind. He convenes his people; avows his belief in the God of the strangers; abjures the errors of his education, and tramples the objects of his former idolatry. They listen with approving murmurs, and every pulse beats quick with anxious expectation. But he must see Christianity under a more endearing aspect, ere his heart may bound to her maternal embrace. He visits the capital of the province, and finds there an Indian murderer condemned to die. The wretched victim of a harsh but necessary policy, sits gloomy in his prison, meditating the death-song, which shall soon nerve and manifest the stern energies of his soul, amid the horrors of the last dread struggle! But the priest is kneeling beside him, with the tear of earthly pity and the balm of eternal hope. The royal catechumen beholds, with raptured admiration, this new development of the human heart—the love of enemies! He catches the soft contagion—volunteers to interpret with the culprit—and adds the suggestions of his own strong sense to those of the clergyman. Their appeal is not in vain. The prisoner “departs in peace,” a penitent Christian, expiating his crime against society, with humble trust in the forgiveness of his Maker.

Chitomachen hesitates no longer. He burns to lave his anxious brow in the cooling well-spring of life. But already he begins to feel the self-denying influences of that law of love, whose “sweet yoke” he is so eager to bear. He is willing, like the Apostle, to be separated, yet a little while, from Christ, “for his brethren according to the flesh.” A chapel, where he may receive baptism with the most impressive solemnity, is erected, by his command, at his little capital of Kittamagundi; and





savage art exhausts its simple resources, to deck its bar-  
 ken walls with appropriate splendor. The spoils of the  
 panther, the beaver, and the deer, supply the velvet drape-  
 ry and cloth of gold of Europe's proud Cathedrals. The  
 bird's bright plumage and the rich bloom of the wild-  
 flower compensate for the painter's glowing tints, and the  
 delicate foliage of the sculptor. Governor Calvert ar-  
 rives with a retinue of honor; and there, while the swar-  
 thy multitude bend their dark eyes, in eager curiosity, on  
 the mystic ceremonial, the chief and his partner, with their  
 infant offspring, approach the regenerating fount, receiv-  
 ing next that sacramental bond, by whose holy tie the  
 Saviour himself has figured his own union with his elect,  
 in the embrace of eternal love! Again are exhibited the  
 joyous solemnities of the first landing at St. Clement's,  
 but no longer expressive of the white man's unshared  
 hopes, for savage and citizen unite in fraternal exultation  
 around the sacred emblem of the sacrifice for all.

Such were the triumphs of the Cross in Maryland;  
 yet to many of us, 'tis pity! they sound as strange as  
 some half-accredited tale from a far-distant land.

While the fame of Pocahontas brightens on our grate-  
 ful hearts, from century to century, who tells of the ge-  
 nerous docility of Archihu, the confiding hospitality of  
 the Werowance of Patuxent, or the miraculous restora-  
 tion of the speared Anacostian? Well may poetry and  
 eloquence weave their fairest chaplets for the sweet child  
 of Powhattan; proud may they justly be whose veins can  
 boast a tinge of the rich red blood she freely perilled for  
 the preservation of Smith and of Jamestown; but ought

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\* The sudden restoration of this man, who had been transpierced with a  
 spear, from side to side, about a hand's breadth below the armpits, on his be-  
 ing touched by the relics of the true cross is told in the manuscript alluded to  
 in the text.



we to forget that she was brought by kidnappers to the saving rite commemorated on the walls of the Capitol, while the royal progeny of the Maryland forest were freely sent to St. Mary's, to learn their catechism—"that alphabet of divine philosophy." 1753410

Yes ! my hearers, the partial sculpture of our national halls, false as Grecian fable without her redeeming inspiration, displays the storm-tossed Puritans, at the rock of Plymouth, exchanging tokens of amity with the friendly savage, whom "their" own "early records incontestably" "prove them to have attacked without provocation !"\* though the horrid truth is told, in Boon's death-grapple, which emblems the planting of the west ! But why has the pacific, the *Christian* settlement of Maryland no memorial there, but a simple bust of Calvert ?—

Yet deeply as humanity is indebted to the founders of that time-honored community, in respect of that endearing interest the injured Aborigines of America, it might almost be doubted whether, on the still vaster concern of civil liberty, she is not more so. Next in importance to the vital question, "what shall we do to be saved," are those which regard the organization of Society during our earthly sojourn. Long on these has despairing philosophy argued against fact. Long have the irrepressible energies of nature struggled upward against prescriptive oppression, like undying vegetation bursting into light and air, through the marbled courts of kings. The flaring torch-light of Greek and Roman liberty had, indeed, gone out in the tempest of faction, but the cheering ray of San Marino's little lamp still streamed from her mountain cross, through the night of ages, a pole star of hope and freedom ; and when at last this vast continent

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\* Grimshaw's History United States, page 47.





was thrown open to man, as a field where, unincumbered with the forms of old establishments, he might try, perhaps, his last great experiment of self-government, many a broken heart poured forth toward heaven its agonizing orisons for his success!

Vain were it to deny that in the judgment of many, it has lamentably failed. For one, I still hope in the recuperative energy of principle over selfishness; for what but selfishness running riot under systems of morality, in which each individual is his own law-giver and judge, is the source of corporate plunder, official defalcation, public and private bankruptcy, rampant violence, and the time-serving cowardice that shrinks from the maintenance of political faith and the enforcement of social order?

Let them who, disheartened by our recent disgraceful experience, are tempted to renounce their trust in republican institutions, go in spirit with me to the old State House at St. Mary's, and learn there the true nature of democracy—the only democracy to be trusted or desired—the collective wisdom and virtue of a religious people. They will find there every freeman of the province present in person or by proxy—"cavilling on the ninth part of a hair," where his chartered rights are touched, but true to his reciprocal obligations as if he were surrounded by armies and police. He respects prerogative—he resists its encroachments. He pays his quit-rents—he pays his taxes—he watches with dragon vigilance the Proprietary's application of appropriations for public service; and he is prodigal, in substantial testimonials of gratitude, "for his Lordship's great charge and solicitude in maintaining the government, and protecting the inhabitants in their persons, rights, and liberties."\*

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\* Act of 1611, ch. 5.



No human institution, my friends, however skillfully constructed, can stand by its own strength, and he who blindly resolves his whole political faith into "the voice of the people," will soon find himself as insecure in person and in property as the victim of the courtly doctrine of "divine right." "Fear God: honor the King!" On those inspired precepts hang all the statesman's law. And while the latter must be understood to comprehend whatever form of magistracy the national sovereignty may, for the time, put on, it is only by adhering with fidelity, like the planters of Maryland, to those unchangeable institutions to which we are referred by the former, that we can preserve individual ability to surmount those temptations, whose general predominance is but another name for national degradation.

But how shall I approach that last great argument, which immortalizes them whom we come here to honor—compared with which their other merits fade from view like the starry host of heaven paled by the glance of day? Monuments, and festivals, and laurelled wreaths, and every demonstration of their country's love and gratitude, to the Washingtons, the Wallaces, the Tells, the Bolivars, who broke the chains of political thralldom! But "glory to God in the highest," and praise, and blessing, and adoration, and thanksgiving, for the grace that breathed his peace into these "men of good will," who gently loosed the fetters of the soul, and measurably restored His honor, whose acceptable worship can only be the voluntary homage of the understanding and the heart!

Who and what were these unexampled people, who would suffer no believer in Jesus to be molested on account of his religion; who opened their homes and their hearts alike to the victim of Puritan persecution and the Puritan martyr; tolerating, beneath their halcyon rule,





every thing but what was then universally considered unquestionable blasphemy and "railing for railing?"

Were they philosophers of that easy school, which masks its own indifference or hostility to God's eternal truth, by affected liberality towards every opinion of the hour? Let the world produce examples of men who had proved, by sterner tests, their unyielding tenacity to conscientious convictions! Nay rather, (advanced as they were, before their cotemporaries, in that confidence in truth which never doubts of its peaceful triumph over error) would that they had not somewhat exceeded in their zeal, and, in respect of doctrines whose professors, though scarce amounting to a sect in their day, are now eminent among our separated brethren, for the consistency of their reasoning and purity of their lives, not reached forth the rash hand of flesh to stay the leaning ark of Jehovah, as secure on the necks of the restive oxen, as reposing in "the holiest place," under the golden wings of the cherubim!

Were they Fortune's "happy winners," who only indulged in a pleasing emotion of our nature, by communicating to others their own satisfaction? Alas! they had been formed by adversity's rudest nurture—

"What sorrow was she bade them know,

"And from their own they learned to melt at others' woe!"

Their God-like charity involved not merely pity but forgiveness; but with the thought of their own injuries came back to their hearts the prayer of their dying Saviour—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Without a fault, they might have borrowed the caution of other communities, which sought, by excluding innovation, to preserve their own tranquillity; while the rest of Christendom went to wreck in the fierce war of



opposing doctrine. Had not themselves but just escaped its fury ; and might they not, unblamed, have said to their separated brother, like the prudent "father of the faithful," "Let there be no quarrel between me and thee! behold, the whole land is before thee!"

Ought they not then to have foreseen and avoided the cruel consequences which followed so soon their facile hospitality? My friends, the believer looks to principles, not results. He does what conscience dictates, and leaves the rest to God. But had these peaceful rulers, instead of promptly yielding to their generous impulse, set down to a cold calculation of the ultimate effects of their policy, all history had confined to them the instinctive teaching of their own true hearts. For what are all these revolutions of temporal power—what all these developments, from age to age, of the varying resources of human ingenuity, and the temporary ascendancy of human will, but so many manifestations by the Most High, to the reflecting mind, of the unchangeable nature of his purposes—"fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds which fulfil his word?"

In this mighty ministry, the planters of Maryland had their office too. For though their work was not to stand throughout their own brief day, they were to enrich the world with the imperishable monument of their example. Nor can American patriotism devise a holier or more salutary rite, than that in which, on this occasion, I am its unworthy representative. When blind credulity yields to the guidance of ignorance, interest, or prejudice—when once proud Massachusetts waits for the weeping heavens to wash from Mount Benedict the black record of her shame—when manly worth combines with female tenderness, in the name of Truth and Liberty, to close the hand of Pity against the shrinking Catholic orphan ;





to shut out from the blessed beams of public education the child of the Catholic artisan or laborer, who will not consent to quench in its soul what he deems "the brightness of the light eternal;" to withhold "the leave to toil" from the honest Catholic waiter, or the poor Irish girl, whose infantile purity—the emerald crown of her devotion to the "Queen of virgins"—might sometimes be "as the lamp shining on the holy candlestick,"\* to the giddy foot of Fashion's gay votaress whom she sues to serve, unless they will consent to earn "the meat that perisheth," by renouncing what they believe "the living bread which came down from Heaven"—then the aching heart can wing its weary way to the peaceful plain of old St. Mary's! There, still, in our land, the tired dove can rest upon the olive! There Christians of every creed can still meet in love and harmony like children of the same kind and impartial Father! for there the very air is redolent of the good odor of their lives, as of the fragrance of the sweet wild mint, that wraps the humble graves of *the Pilgrims of Maryland!*

A. M. D. G.

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\* Ecclesiasticus xxvi. v. 22.

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